

Angie

by Del Ward

illustrated by
Clara Kate Hartley

To Earl
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In
Loving Memory
of My
Mother
Willie Mae Meadows Ward

Second Printing


MMXIII

Del Ward

Clara Kate Hartley

Angie, the Christmas tree star, lay flat in her box atop the shelf in Mr. Brown's store. She might have looked calm enough to anyone who would in the middle of November notice a tree ornament, but Angie was far from calm. She was downright excited, for in a few weeks the shoppers would be coming in the





store to buy ornaments and decorations for their Christmas trees and Angie felt sure that this year she would be noticed, Not only noticed, but bought! Her enthusiasm ran high for one who for the past five years had each Christmas Eve been put back in the box marked  "Unsold Merchandise". Yes, put back for another year



of anxious waiting.


Five years earlier when she had arrived at the store times were hard--there was little money. And although she gleamed and glistened for each customer, there was no doubt about it, Angie was expensive. She had understood and tried to be patient, but the years were beginning

to tell on Angie. Her youthful glitter was most gone and the edges of her five points had become ragged. It was dreadful to have to admit to old age, but Angie resigned herself to her fate. The last two years she had most given up the hope of being sold. She just wished that Mr. Brown would give her away perhaps to an orpha-

mage to decorate their tree.
Angie knew that once out in
the light of a Christmas Eve,
youth would return. She
would glow and sparkle for
all to see. Her ambition in
life was to remind somebody
-- anybody -- on Christmas
Eve of the great star in the
heavens that had shown over
Bethlehem on the Holy Night.

But alas! Though her price
tag had been reduced year after
year, none bought Angie. People
were buying the new style 
stars now with electric lights
in them. Angie, when we face
the truth, was only made of
cardboard with a sprinkling
of glitter dust. She could 
hardly compete with the new-
er generation.

Now there was a torn
place in the box in which 
Angie lay. At first she was
hurt that Mr. Brown would
let her suffer the weather 
without even a cover for her
somewhat tarnished complex-
ion. Pretty soon she was thank-
ful for the crack in the box
for it enabled the breeze to
wander in and tell her all

the news of the sky, the moon,
the clouds and, of course,
of all the real stars in hea-
ven. The breeze was a good
friend. And, of course, being
fancy-free he roamed the
whole wide world and could
tell such marvelous stories.
Not only that, but near
Christmastime the breeze 
whispered to her the story of

the first Christmas, told her of the Great Night, the real Stars of Heaven and the Birth of the Christ Child.

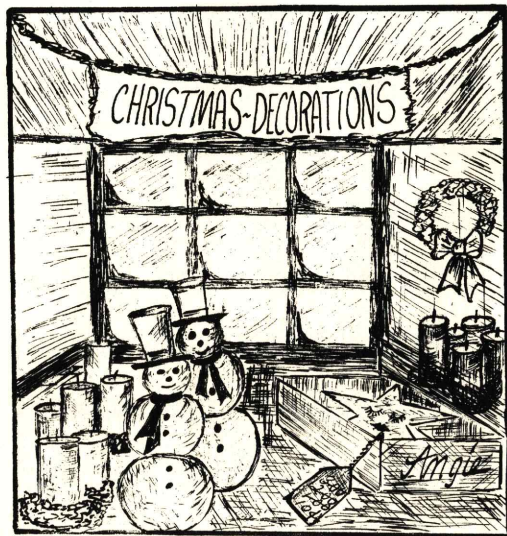
One day near Christmas the breeze gushed in to tell Angie that there had been great confusion amongst the stars the night before. It seems that one star right near the Christmas Star had tripped and

fallen down to earth and nobody could find her.

"Well, I tell you," the breeze whispered excitedly, "it has thrown a wrench in the whole pattern of stars. I am worn out looking for her. I have looked high and low. But, tch tch! It is rumored that she has fallen in Texas, so there is little hope for her."

Angie sympathized with the breeze. But she was in such a good mood today that little could really bother her. Mr. Brown had just cut her price down again and she was now so cheap that just anyone could afford her. It only stood to reason that someone would buy a star for a dime. Poor Angie

was forgetting that fact that she looked older and more shop worn than ever. But it was a wonderful day when Mr. Brown moved her down to the counter. Everything was being placed out now for the shoppers. She didn't have exactly the best location on the counter. The choice spots went to the new deco-



rations. In fact she was almost smothered between the jolly snowmen and the smooty candles. Both snowmen and candles ignored her. But Angie didn't mind. This year she felt sure somebody would buy her and she would dazzle atop a Christmas tree. Hundreds of shoppers came in and out of the Store

each day, but none bought
Angie. Hundreds carried
packages out from the store,
but Angie was never packaged
and carried out. As Christ-
mas Eve drew nearer, Angie's
spirits began to dim. All the
snowmen were gone. There
were only a few candles left
and, since they were all red
and green in color, they



would undoubtedly be sold before Christmas.

And then on the morning of Christmas Eve, a wonderful thing almost happened to Angie. A little boy came up to the counter and picked her up. Oh, the sweet and dear arms of a charming little boy! He looked Angie over carefully. She cried out, "Oh, do take me little

boy. I'll make your Christmas tree glow!" But who can understand the language of a cardboard star? The little boy paused a moment. Had he heard her? No, he put her back on the counter. And when he did, a terrible thing happened! He knocked off one of Angie's ² five points. This was too much!

Angie, in a flash of a moment hated the little boy, ❧ hated Mr. Brown -- Angie ❧ hated Christmas. But who can understand the tears of a cardboard star? The breeze came in and tried to comfort her. But Angie could not be comforted. She wanted only to be thrown out to the trash ❧ pile and she shouted it to the

breeze in no uncertain terms. Angie was to have her wish.

As the last customer left the store on Christmas Eve, Mr. Brown took Angie and threw her right out the back door atop the trash. It was hardly more than Angie could bear! But who can understand the longing of only a cardboard star? She lay in her misery atop the ❧

trash. Suddenly Angie was startled! The breeze picked her right off the trash pile and blew her down the street. Her tears subsided as she was whisked by the houses and saw the people getting ready for Christmas. Oh, thought Angie joyfully, the breeze is going to place me in somebody's house. But on she went. The breeze hardly slowed

down long enough for her to take a peek in the houses -- they were on their way. Angie saw people on their way to Church and she was sorry in her heart that she had hated the little boy and Mr. Brown, but most of all she was sorry that she had hated Christmas.

Away they went over the park. Oh, thought Angie the






breeze is going to light me a-
top a tree in the park for all to
see, but they hurried right by the
park and were now going up.
She was going up, up toward the
steeple of St. Matthews. Oh, how
wonderful thought Angie, I am
going to be put right atop the
steeple. But as they passed the
steeple, try as she could to
grab hold to the steeple she

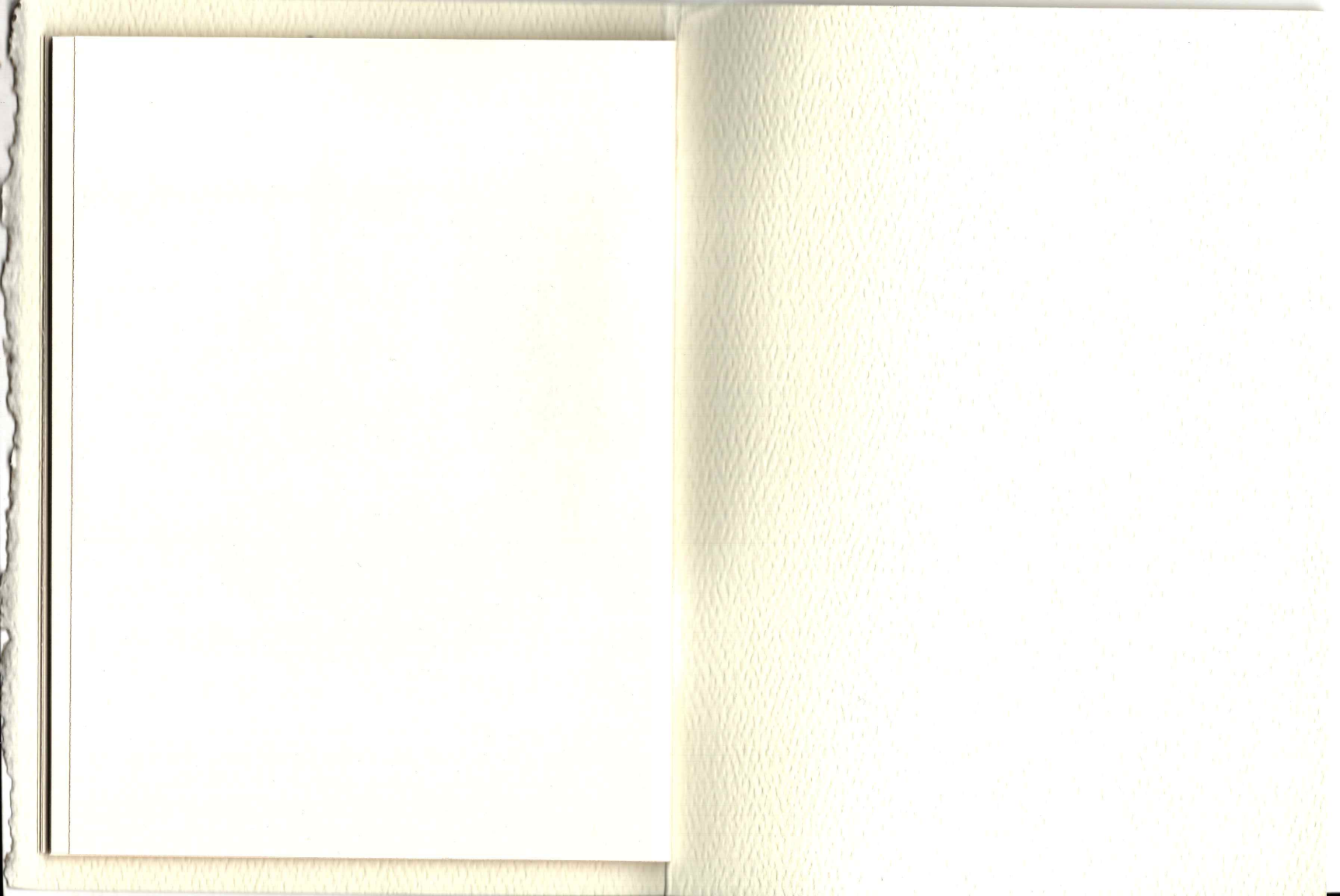
could not, for remember Angie
had only four points now. Up, up!

It was nearing midnight and
the breeze was joined by snow
flurries that made a Chariot
for Angie and took her high
high up into the air. Now she
could see all of the town, all
of the country, in truth all of
the world. She was dizzy, so
dizzy. Angie felt a sudden

jolt and a stop. The snow &
flurries scurried around her
and made her glisten and
shine, the moon made a
spotlight for her and a cloud
had dressed her in true goss-
amer loveliness. A sight to
behold was Angie! And it
wasn't until she heard the
singing of the Angels of
Heaven that Angie realized

she was embedded in the sky. 
Angie had been placed amongst
God's real stars -- a replacement for
the fallen star. Now, if on Christ-
mas Eve you want to see 
Angie, you'll find her near
the Christmas Star. Oh, you can
easily tell her from the others,
for though she shines as 
brightly as all the rest, Angie
is the only four pointed star!!





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